and fell, and the Werlein building quickly followed suit. A building on the riverside of Bourbon street crashed in soon after and a square of the most valuable property in the city was a smoking mass of ruins. A breeze arose to fan the flames and they attacked their prey with renewed vigor. On the opposite side of Bourbon street Claverie's building was the first to collapse and carried with it the walls of Hanhel's establishment. McClanahan's establishment was a mass of swirling flames. Kroger's building was also burning fiercely. The Nickel Plate shoe store intervened to save the main entrance to D. H. Holmes, famous establishment on Canal street and that portion of the store was but little damaged. The Bourbon street entrance to Holmes's, however, fared worse. The massive plate-glass windows and weather doors were shattered to stone and the more inflammable portion of the stock thus exposed caught fire in a moment. Long ere this the department was hard at work and lines of water were being poured upon the burning buildings, and the flames showed the first symptoms of yielding. On Canal street, east of Bourbon, they met an impassable barrier in the massive Tonti building, which adjoins the Werlein, and though the roofs of the stores comprising the row were more than once afire, the flames could make no progress against the sturdy masonry of the new Cosmopolitan Hotel and the adjoining structures which front on Royal street, just off Canal, and run back into the centre of the block, caught fire in the rear, and it required the utmost efforts of the firemen to save them. The promptness with which the electric circuits running through the heart of the city were shut off prevented fatalities, and the only accident noted is the injury to a fireman caused by flying debris. Schwartz's stock was valued at over $200,000, insured for $80,000, and the building for $35,000, considerably below its value. Kroger's stock was insured for half a million and was worth nearly twice as much, but the damage to it is not thought to be very great. Mr Claverie carried $9000 on his large stock and others are insured in proportion. Every insurance company in the city has about an equal share of the loss. Most of the buildings destroyed were newly erected, and collectively are thought to be worth $250,000. Many other buildings with their contents were badly damaged. It is impossible to obtain full details of the losses and insurance tonight.

Dancing, Riot and Bloodshed.

SPOKANE, Wash., Feb. 17. — A special says that the opening of an enormous dance house at Sand Point, Ida., resulted in a riot and bloodshed last night. Three hundred railroaders, cattlemen and miners were present. In the midst of the dancing a row started. One man was shot in the breast, another had his brains blown out, and two disclaim females were probably fatally wounded. In the midst of the affray United States Marshal Warren and Sheriff Morphy, with five men, entered and closed the house, and now twenty-five of the worst characters of the northwest are penned up in a stockade corral and guarded by deputy sheriffs.

Another Indictment Against Field.

NEW YORK, Feb. 17.—Another indictment was filed against Edward M. Field today, charging forgery in the second degree, the indictment being predicated on an alleged forged bill of lading.

Colonel Simpson's Denial.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 17.—The *Republic's* Hot Springs, Ark., special says: Col. Simpson of Dallas, Tex., whose name is coupled with a recent financial sensation there, is in Hot Springs. When seen today he pronounced the story of his alleged crooked dealings false; he denied all knowledge of the reported indictments, and said that he would start for Dallas at once.

Snowstorm in Great Britain.

LONDON, Feb. 17.—The snowstorm, which began again this morning in Wales and the highlands of Scotland, has become general throughout the country. The snowfall since Monday is heavier than all other snows during the whole winter. The weather also remains intensely cold.

Fatal Result of a Political Feud.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., Feb. 17.—During the progress of the Democratic primaries tonight, James Hannon was shot and killed by Chief of Police Hackett. The shooting was the result of a political feud of long standing.

The Curtis Murder Case.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 17.—The defense in the Curtis case unexpectedly rested its case today, and an adjournment was taken till tomorrow.

Mrs. Blaine Ill.

DEADWOOD, S. D., Feb. 17.—Mrs. Blaine arrived here this morning, and at once was driven to a hotel, where she is confined with nervous prostration. She suffered hemorrhage of the lungs while on the train this morning, having left a sick bed to attend the trial of her divorce case. The case will not be heard before Saturday.

BRIEF TELEGRAMS.

Louisville, Feb. 17.—Five men lost their lives here today in an attempt to rescue a person supposed to be within the walls of a burning building. They had been in the building only a few seconds when the walls fell with a terrific crash, and they were buried beneath a huge pile of burning debris and instantly killed.

Louisville, Feb. 17.—Several slight earthquake shocks were felt here during the afternoon and tonight. The movement was east to west.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 17.—Joachim Lieali, son of the famous patriot and historian, has been arrested on a secret charge and has been sentenced to banishment to Siberia.

Louisville, Feb. 17.—The secret service officers today caught Amey Whitsell, white, and Jessie Wilson, colored, in the act of making counterfeit silver dollars. They were held for trial.

Pittsburg, Feb. 17.—An explosion of molten metal occurred today, terribly burning five men. All will recover with the exception of one.

Denver, Feb. 17.—Robert Ford, who killed Jesse James, the bandit outlaw, in 1882, was shot and killed today in a saloon now at Creede, a new mining town some distance from here. Later dispatches from Creede say that Ford is alive and well and that an attempt had been made on his life.

SHE PAID HER WAY.

Healed and Blessed, This Idiotic Woman Was Always Independent.

Every middle aged Philadelphian can remember a wild, picturesque figure that thirty years ago was as familiar a sight to the inhabitants of the Quaker City as the Liberty bell or the wooden statue of Franklin over the door of his famous library.

"Idiot Sheelah," as the town called her, was a giant woman nearly six feet in height whose vacant eyes told her story before she spoke.

Since she was a child the children with sound brains had hooted at her and stoned her. She was a child still, with white hair and wrinkles. She never noticing; she did not even know that the learning and thought and pleasure was in the world in which other people found their life.

Her only enjoyment was in the rags of bright ribbons stitched to her old skirt, which the children gave her from their doll rags. These were all that she would accept from them; she was never known to take money. That was the one sound spot in her poor, crazed brain—a fierce pride of independence.

Her old mother became helpless. Sheelah could not work, but the world take no alms. She dressed a man's coat and high hat, and set out "to earn money like a man," only to be followed by large crowds of children than before. Charitable friends attempted to send the two helpless women to asylums. But Sheelah declared that no one but herself should support her mother. On this point she was resolute and—sane.

It occurred to some one to make of her a street debt collector. When a creditor disposed of payment of a small bill he gave it to her. She stationed herself with it silently on the curbstone in front of the debtor's house. She made no disturbance and could not be driven away. But every passerby understood why the well known grotesque figure was there.

The delinquent seldom was able to bear the mortification for more than one day.

For twenty-five years the poor, flighty creature steadily pursued this strange calling in order, as she persisted, to "pay her way." After her mother's death she grew rapidly more feeble and still.

But she had one solid comfort. "I'm no beggar. I pay my way."

The poor demented woman, at whom so many people had laughed, died at last. Under her pillow was left money enough to bury her.

Even into the grave Sheelah proudly paid her own way.

How many of those who laughed at her could make her boast!—Youth's Companion.

The Wandering Jew.

In Germany the Wandering Jew is associated with the story of one John Buttadeus, who is said to have appeared in Antwerp in the Thirteenth, Fifteenth and Seventeenth centuries. This specter, vision, ghost or impostor last appeared at Brussels in 1774.

In the French legend the Wandering Jew is known by the name of Isaac Lakedion.

The main character in the legend of the "Wild Huntsman" of England, the one whom Shakespeare mentions as Herne the Hunter, is said to be a Jew who refused to let Jesus drink from a horse trough.

Jan. 1, 1641, a person claiming to be the original Wandering Jew appeared in Paris. He said that his name was Michel Ader, and that he had been usher of the judgment hall at Jerusalem in the time of Jesus and Pilate, and that for thrusting Christ from the hall he had been condemned to live and wander over the earth for ever.—St. Louis Republic.

A Bad Country for Hats.

Hats have a hard time in China. The climate, alternating from intense dryness to a horrible humidity, twists and distorts silk, beaver, cloth and felt in no time. Mold and fungus are universal and convert sweatband and brim into green velvet in a single night. Every hat must be put out in the sunlight three times a week or it is ruined.

Besides these foes are ants, which go everywhere, and cockroaches, which fly like birds. The ant enjoys a good hat for a playground and a sleeping establishment; the cockroach desires mostly to eat every particle of leather paper and pasteboard it contains. The only way to keep the pests off is to sprinkle the interior occasionally with carbolic acid, creosote or crude creosol.—Hatter and Furrier.

Being a Husband's Part.

The negro women of Arkansas have a hard life. They work in the fields and in the house, and die when they should be in their prime. This explains why so many men have three, or four, or five wives "with out," as one honest fellow said, "never fighting with none of 'em. I kep' 'em all decent," said he, "an buried 'em all in a store coffin."—Octave Thanet in Atlantic Monthly.

A Business Man.

Excited Neighbor—What do you let that boy of yours build a bonfire in my back yard for?

Placid Neighbor—Isn't your house insured?

E. N.—Yes it isn't.

P. N.—That's all right. I'm an insurance agent. Here's my card.—Detroit Free Press.

Ladies Capture a Prisoner.

Three ladies of Rockingham county, Va., on their way home from church, treed a possum. One of them secured this tree and shook the animal to the ground, and the other two, who were married, caught him. One of the ladies, on reaching home, let the animal run loose in her husband's room, and he was nearly scared to death on finding him there when he awoke.—Spirit of the Times.

Thirteen Young Men.

If thirteen young men—lawyers and physicians—who have just organized a Thirteen club in this city, can find a hatched house to meet in they will be most happy. The organization is nearly complete, the bylaws and rule have been drawn up and adopted, and the only thing lacking is the hatched house. If this cannot be found it is proposed to use the coal house occasionally for the town. Among the rules are almost everything superstitious people avoid. The president is to sit under an open umbrella during all meetings and a "no quarterly dinner." A jackpot will be issued in the room, and every member entering will pass under it. A conceyed janitor will be secured, and one of the members whose hair is long and will be obliged to enter the meeting room first every time it is opened.

A chicken will be sealed opposite the president at every feast, and two black cats will be purchased and kept in the clubroom. Each member takes a solemn obligation to look at the cat in order his left shoulder, pass an odd hand of a pool when two are walking together, walk between any couple who may be now talking together on the street, and do everything contrary to the accepted custom. The meetings will be held on Friday evenings, and if any member fails to make a hearse and start on Friday or the 13th of the month.—New Haven Cor. New York Sun.

Curious Track of a Rattlesnake.

Several years ago Mr. James Gillen, a well known banker dealer of Dickinson, Ky., died there and was buried with a strict conformity with the provisions of a remarkable will. He had while in health a strong fear of being buried alive. Telegraphic and telephonic accounts of the few cases of this kind that are known to have occurred and to determined to take no chances to find less that could possibly be avoided. He caused a tomb to be erected, and in that tomb had an opening left on the east side large enough for a man to pass through. This was covered with glass.

In his will he stipulated that a strong hammer should be placed in the casket with him, and that the lid of the coffin should not be screwed down so that if by chance he should be consigned to the tomb before his life was extinct he might, if he gained power to move, push off the lid and with the hammer break out the glass in the opening left for the purpose and thus escape a lingering horrible death. His instructions were faithfully obeyed. Friends took it upon themselves to watch the tomb and be sure in case the gentleman's fears should prove well grounded, and make him assistance. But death came, with an unerring shot, and he still slumbers peacefully in his casket.—Columbia (Ky.) Forum.

The Queer Names.

When a petition for a new postoffice in the mountains of Virginia was received some weeks ago it was found that the name submitted was unobtainable. The petitioners were so notified and requested to submit a list of names in order of preference. The new list contained no names acceptable, and the assistant postmaster general directed an under official to select a name himself. The clerk immediately walked to the map, and, locating the office, discovered that there was a mountain hard by named Purgatory, and the new postoffice was given the name of Purgatory. When the establishing papers were forwarded to the petitioners, and they were requested to submit a name for postmaster, they returned the name of George Godbethers. So that the new postoffice of Purgatory is presided over by George Godbethers.—Baltimore American.

A Jury with Hard Sense.

From a town almost near enough to Philadelphia to be called a suburb comes a story of unique dispensation of justice by a jury from around about the vicinity. The case was one in which the prosecution was brought by a young woman against a young man. Despite the eloquent pleading of the lawyer for the fair one, the jury rendered a verdict for acquittal, and then proceeded to assess the defendant a fourth of the costs, the prosecutrix a fourth, the constable who arrested the prisoner a fourth, and the justice of the peace who sent the case to court a fourth. The judge remarked that that wasn't much of a jury for law, but it was strong in the way of common sense.—Philadelphia Record.

The Phonograph and the Bomb.

Recent tests in the use of the phonograph in the dead and dumb institute at Indianapolis show that it is useful in concentrating sound upon the drum of the ear, so that many pupils otherwise deaf can hear it. It is thought by the superintendent that he can by this means soon teach the use of their voices to many mutes whose inability to speak is due to the fact that they have never heard speech.—Exchange.

Dom Pedro's Garter.

Dom Pedro was a Knight of the Garter, having been invested by the queen during his visit to Europe in 1871. He dodged the ceremony in Paris in the order, as like other royal personages, it was an extra knight. It is probable that the Count d'Eu will come to England a few weeks in order that he may personally deliver up his father-in-law's insignia to the queen.—London World.

Boarding Executive Out.

An experiment is about to be tried in France where 100 families will shortly be sent to the Department of the Cher and placed in the homes of farmers and other people who are willing to take care of them.—Philadelphia Messenger.

The Last Division.

Teacher—If your mother should wish to give each one an equal amount of meat, and there should be eight in the family, how many pieces would she cut?

Class—Eight.

Teacher—Correct. Now each piece would be one-eighth of the whole, remember that.

Class—Yes.

Teacher—Suppose each piece were cut again, what would result?

Smart Boy—Sixteenths.

Teacher—Correct. And if cut again?

Boy—Thirty-seconds.

Teacher—Correct. Now suppose we should cut each of the thirty-two pieces again, what would result?

Little Girl—Hash.—Good News.

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Drum With High Press. This SEWING MACHINE ONLY $10

Sold by agents at Hundreds of Dollars. Warranted for 10 years. Agents wanted in every town. Address, Chicago Sewing Machine Co., 1 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

A Warning

To Horse-Owners.

The Spill Nail in this Shoe ordinarily looked the horse from which it was removed, is taken in Worcester, Mass. One point of the nail name was in the pulmer shoe for clinching, and it dovetailed the block smith who shod the horse. The other point went to the division shown in the illustration, piercing the tender part of the foot called the "quick," from which the horse was made lame for one nearly two weeks.

This is not an unusual case. The same thing is happening among every day in various parts of the country. Now, it is a fact that a nail that will do this is DANGEROUS to life and limb. The same is true of any nail that is not absolutely safe. Now, the Putnam Nail is the only nail made by machinery in precisely the same manner as the old-fashioned hand-made nail.

The United States Government protects the patents of their manufacturers through courts, and under Rules which make it advertise a Horseshoe Nail as here described, are guilty of infringement and Deceiving the Public.

AS YOU VALUE YOUR HORSE insist on your blacksmith using the PUTNAM. It is absolutely safe.

For sale by all dealers in Horseshoe Nails.

Insist on your dealer getting you the genuine

The Putnam Nail

CANNOT SPLIT, SLIVER OR BREAK.

It is the only Hot Forged and Machine Finished Horseshoe Nail in the world made by machinery in precisely the same manner as the old-fashioned hand-made nail.

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Cross Cut, Rip, One Man Enright, Mill, Hand, Rip, Panel, Fence, Pruning, Compass, Butcher, Cook, Keyhole, etc., also

Circular, both Solid & Chisel Point Tooth And TRIUMPH.

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COLLECTION OF TRAINED BIRDS,

The Largest and Finest Collection of Trained Birds ever placed on exhibition, consisting of Parrots, Cockatoos, Cockatoos, Canaries, Thrushes, Linnets and Song Birds.

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Exhibition of Silk Cocoons!

Silk Worms at work. Specimens of Raw Silk on exhibition, the entire process of silk Manufacture explained, silk spinning and weaving, silk winding and silk work generally.

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JUNE. PALMER,

The Roumanian Gypsy Soprano.

A genuine Gypsy girl, who is composed of an original gypsy song and dance, Roumanian Gypsy Songs, Dances and Music, Gypsy Dances, Gypsy Dances, Gypsy Dances